

Troilus and Cressida.

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie so obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does so much,
That prooffe is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Uly. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curling, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noselesse, handlelesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hektor*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troilus*; who hath done to day,
Mad and fantasticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,
With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,
As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*.

Dio. I, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hektor*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:

Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.

Hektor, wher's *Hektor*? I will none but *Hektor*.

Enter Ajax.

Aia. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. *Troilus*, I say, wher's *Troilus*?

Aia. What wouldst thou?

Diom. I would correct him.

Aia. Were I the Generall,

Thou shouldst haue my office,

Ere that correction: *Troilus* I say, what *Troilus*?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed*!

Turne thy false face thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Aia. He fight with him alone, stand *Diomed*.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.

Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you

both.

Exit Troilus.

Enter Hektor.

Hekt. Yea *Troilus*? O well fought my yongest Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I see thee; haue at thee *Hektor*.

Hekt. Pause if thou wilt.

Achil. I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud *Troian*;

Be happy that my armes are out of vse;

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou shalt heare of me againe:

Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

Hekt. Fare thee well.

I would haue bene much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troy. *Ajax* hath rane *Eneas*; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,

He shall not carie him: He be rane too;

Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;

I wreake not, though thou end my life to day.

Enter one in Armour.

Hekt. Stand, stand, thou Greeke,

Thou art a goodly marke:

No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,

He frush it, and vnlocke the rivets all,

But He be maister of it: wilt thou not beate abide?

Why then flye on, He hunt thee for thy hide.

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:

Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:

Strike not a stroke, but keepe your selues in breath;

And when I haue the bloody *Hektor* found,

Empale him with your weapons round about:

In fellest maner execute your arme.

Follow me firs, and my proceedings eye;

It is decreed, *Hektor* the great must dye.

Enter Therites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:
now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my doubt-
le hen'd sparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the
game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turne slaue and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Bast. A Bastard Sonne of *Priam*.

Ther. I am a Bastard too, I loue Bastards, I am a Bas-
tard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard
in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not
bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take
heede, the quartel's most ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a
whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell
Bastard.

Bast. The diuell take thee coward.

Enter Hektor.

Hekt. Most putrified core so faire without;

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my daies worke done; He take good breath:

Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hektor* how the Sunne begins to set;

How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,

Euen with the vail and darking of the Sunne,

To close the day vp, *Hektors* life is done.

Hekt. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

Achil. Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke

So *Ilion* fall thou: now *Troy* sinke downe;

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.

On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,

Achilles hath the mighty *Hektor* slaine.

Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.

Gree. The *Troian* Trumpets sounds the like my Lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night ore-spreads the earth

And stickler-like the Armies seperates

My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.

Come, tye his body to my horses taylor;

Along the field, I will the *Troian* traile.

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,

Diomed, and the rest marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what shour is that?

Nest. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achil.

Troilus and Cressida.

Sol. *Achilles*, *Achilles*, *Hektor's* slaine, *Achilles*.

Dio. The brute is, *Hektor's* slaine, and by *Achilles*.

Aia. If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:

Great *Hektor* was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray *Achilles* see vs at our Tent.

If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,

Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

Exeunt.

Enter Eneas, Paris, Antenor and Deiphobus.

Ene. Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,

Neuer goe home; here starue we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troy. *Hektor* is slaine.

Aia. *Hektor*? the gods forbid.

Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murderers Horses taile,

In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field:

Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with speede:

Sit gods vpon your throanes, and smile at *Troy*.

I say at once, let your bricfe plagues be mercy,

And linger not our sure destructions on.

Ene. My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

Troy. You vnderstand me not, that tell me so:

I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,

But dare all imminence that gods and men,

Addresse their dangers in. *Hektor* is gone:

Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?

Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,

Goe in to *Troy*, and say there, *Hektor's* dead:

There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone;

Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;

Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,

Scare *Troy* out of it selfe. But march away,

Hektor is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet: you vile abhominable

Thus proudly pight vpon our

Let *Titan* rise as early as he d

He through, and through yo

No spate of Earth shall f

He haunt thee, like a wicked

That mouldeth goblins swift

Strike a free march to *Troy*,

Hope of reuenge, shall hide o

Enter P

Pand. But heare you? hea

Troy. Hence broker, lack

Pursue thy life, and liue aye w

Pan. A goodly medicine for

world, world! thus is the po

tours and bawdes; how ear

how ill requited? why shoul

and the performance so loath

instance for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee

Till he hath lost his hony, and

And being once subdu'd in a

Sweete hony, and sweete note

Good traders in the flesh, set

As many as be here of *Pander*

Your eyes halfe out, weepe o

Or if you cannot weepe, yet g

Though not for me, yet for yo

Brethren and sisters of the hol

Some two months hence, my

It should be now, but that my

Some galled Goose of *Winche*

Till then, He sweate, and seek

And at that time bequeath yo

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FINIS.

